[ficlet] Lies to live by

• Sep. 16th, 2011 at 2:50 PM

Title: Lies to live by.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, noncon.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Michael.
Word Count: 623 words.
Summary: Lucifer lies to himself to make living in the Cage bearable; Michael is forced to go along with it.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was object penetration.

"Can't you see that I've won, brother?" He is not gentle as he twists the blade, and he savors Michael's pained cry. "Cease this struggling and submit - there is no reason for us not to get along, now that the fight is over."

The words are bitter, but they aren't purely for Michael's benefit, (who is too caught up in sensation to hear them, and whose responses cannot be trusted) as Lucifer knows even as he crafts such lies that he needs them. The Cage is cold and his brother is no comfort and he needs something to cling to, some faith to believe in.

If he must convince himself that he has won, that this is his kingdom -

Michael bucks his hips and squirms in Lucifer's lap, pushing back against the pommel of Lucifer's blade. Lucifer stills his hips with a hand and twists the blade again.

"Let me be your lord," Lucifer whispers to him. "Michael, trust me."

Michael arches as he pushes the hilt just that much deeper and cries out his name and that will have to be enough for Lucifer. Michael's control is enough that he will not call out anything more, even in this state, and so:

Lucifer rolls Michael over on his lap, withdraws his blade briefly to make the turning easier, and kisses Michael hard.

Bruised lips, trembling, sore - Lucifer leans up and pushes the blade back in, pleased. Michael's mind may yet be elusive, but his body is his.

"I've won," Lucifer tells him. He grips and strokes Michael's cock in a single motion. "Michael, you're mine."

It's not agreement, it's not even close, but the timing is too perfect: Michael comes, hot against his hand and with Lucifer's name on his lips.

Lucifer kisses him, letting his blade vanish until he needs it again. He pulls Michael close to him and he can forgive himself for his neediness. He can. He'll let himself get away with it.

It lasts almost two minutes, and Lucifer savors every second before Michael regains enough of himself to tense up, and then still more control - Michael drives a fist into Lucifer's stomach, and Lucifer oofs with the force of the blow.

He does not let go.

"I hate you," Michael tells him, voice full of venom. "I might have forgiven you, once, but now - you're not the victor, Lucifer, just a sore loser. Don't drag me down to your - "

Lucifer shuts him up with a kiss, and slips two fingers into Michael, glad that he's still open and oiled from minutes before.

"We'll do this again," he whispers against Michael's lips. He thrusts his fingers deeper and feels Michael tense. "We'll do it again and again until you believe it, until you worship *me* - "

"Never," Michael spits, but he moans when Lucifer presses his fingers up and he squirms when Lucifer half-withdraws him and his body is learning what pleasure Lucifer can give, and with enough time Michael's mind will learn that as well.

Michael chokes on his next retort as well, as Lucifer summons his blade once more and pushes the hilt into him.

"I've won," Lucifer murmurs as Michael's eyes roll up and he babbles nonsense while his hips buck. "Can't you see that I've won, brother?"

He kisses Michael's forehead and lays him out over his lap once more, angling his sword in Michael.

"So submit to me," Lucifer murmurs, and even if Michael does not mean it, even if he'll fight back at the soonest opportunity - Michael cries out in pleasure and *does*, begging for more, now, *please* -

Lucifer smiles and bends in to kiss him once more, glad to give it to him.